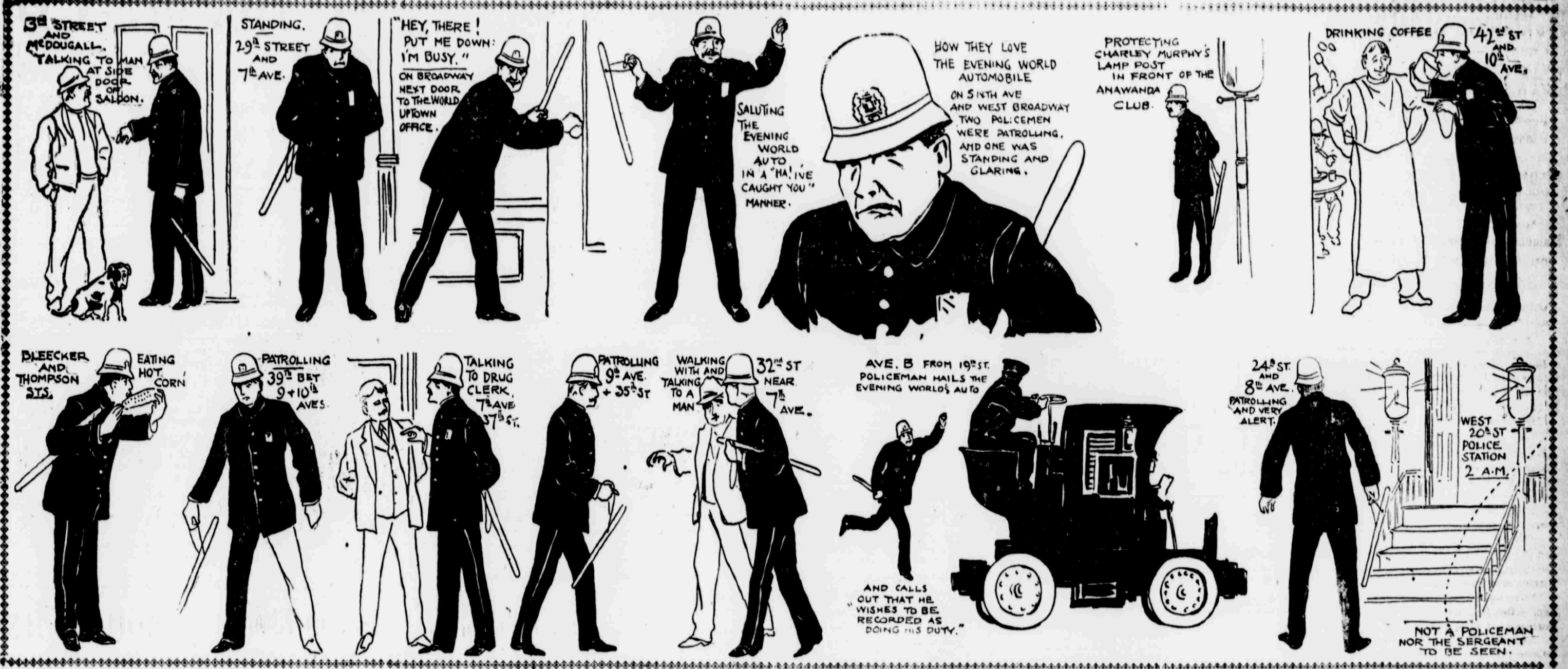


WHERE THE POLICE PATROLMAN IS TO BE FOUND, AND WHERE HE ENJOYS THE RELAXATION THAT COMES WITH LONG DISREGARD FOR THE RULES OF THE FORCE.



(Continued from First Page.)

expressive language of one of the chauffeurs of The Evening World automobile, "second cousins to the Rocky Mountains."

LOWER EAST SIDE IS WELL PROTECTED—AT POINTS

Anawanda Club's Lamp-Post Guarded, but Leader Murphy's House Neglected—The Bowery Strangely Bereft of Bluecoats—All Watch Out for Autos.

The Evening World automobile carrying two investigators of police patrol methods on the east side swung into Twenty-third street from Third avenue at 1 o'clock this morning, and at Twenty-third street and Second avenue the first policeman on post was discovered. It was apparent that the news that The Evening World was keeping tabs on the patrol system had not reached this particular patrolman, for he was standing in the entrance of a saloon.

At Twenty-third street and First avenue another policeman was found standing in the door of a saloon. The saloon was closed in front, but the side door was open and all the lights in the barroom could be seen from the street. Down along the northern fringe of the gas house district went the automobile to Avenue A. This thoroughfare was traversed for two blocks south, and then Twenty-first street was gone over back to Third avenue. Not a policeman was in sight.

Nor was there a policeman on post in Third avenue between Twenty-first and Nineteenth streets. At Nineteenth street and Second avenue the automobile was turned north to pass the Anawanda Club, which is at the northwest corner of Second avenue and Twentieth street, the investigators figuring that inasmuch as Charles F. Murphy is in Saratoga there was probably a patrolman on duty to protect the lamp post around which the followers of the Tammany leader in the Nineteenth District rally.

It was a good expectation. As the automobile turned east into Twentieth street a patrolman was seen walking down the avenue past the undertaking establishment just north of the headquarters of the Anawanda Club. He was headed for the lamp post.

A swing was made from Twentieth street into Avenue B. At Nineteenth street the chauffeur stopped the automobile with a jerk. A policeman had darted out of a dark doorway and was chasing it with his club swinging over his head. He explained that he wanted to be put on record as being on post, and his explanation was accepted. Crossing Avenue A at Seventeenth street a policeman was seen at the Eighteenth street corner. There was another in Avenue A, between Sixteenth street and Seventeenth street, walking in a direction opposite to that which should have been taken by the policeman on the post. This man in uniform may have been a roundsman.

There was no policeman in Third avenue, between Seventeenth street and Fifteenth street at this hour—about 1:30 o'clock—nor was one picked up in the ride from Third avenue to Avenue C, through Sixteenth street, until Avenue C was reached.

NO POLICEMAN NEAR MURPHY'S HOME.

A detour was made for a second inspection of the outside of the home of Charles F. Murphy, at No. 36 East Seventeenth street, which had been passed on the trip west, but no policeman was in sight. Apparently the quiet Stuyvesant square neighborhood is considered sufficient guarantee for the safety of Mr. Murphy's home, although a policeman jealously guards the Anawanda Club lamp post.

The first policeman found doing real patrol duty was trading along the lonesome stretch of Avenue C, near Sixteenth street. Another policeman, doing lonely patrol duty, was made out in First avenue, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets. On the north side of Fourteenth street a policeman was seen standing like a statue with his gaze concentrated on an upper window in a flat-house opposite.

Fourteenth street and Third avenue, approaching the hour of two in the morning, is a lively spot, the preeminent element being of the feminine gender. One policeman was seen there. He was standing on the southwest corner talking to a man in a black suit and a black derby hat. Evidently his talk was important for he was gesticulating freely.

The next policeman encountered was standing in the shadow of a shanty in front of a flat house in course of construction at Second avenue and Twelfth street. A policeman was patrolling his beat in proper fashion in First avenue, between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets. And when Avenue A was reached another policeman was found on post. Here was a surplus of police protection in one of the quietest neighborhoods thus far encountered.

The surplus was accentuated when at Avenue B and Tenth street a policeman was made out standing on the corner. Further accentuation was found at Eleventh street and First avenue, where a policeman was making a gallant stand.

The tour of the district lying between the river and Third avenue and Eleventh and Twenty-third streets wound up at Eleventh street and Third avenue. The section had been covered through the cross streets at two block intervals, and fifteen policemen had been found on post. The policemen were from two precincts—the East Twenty-second street and Fifth street.

IN THE OLD "RED LIGHT" DISTRICT.

From this section the automobile was steered into what was formerly the "red light" district and into the portion of the city just below it, in which knock-out-drop dispensers learn the art of administering the sedative by practicing upon one another. The start was made at St. Mark's place and the Bowery. By this time word of the arrival of the automobile had gone through the Fifth street, Union Market, Eldridge and Delancey street districts, and the policemen were on the alert.

The first man attending to business was found in the brilliantly lighted and populous section around Second avenue and St. Mark's place. Tompkins Square was skirted on the west and north sides. Push-cart owners were propelling their wheeled shops through the streets, although it was not yet 3 o'clock, looking for fairly chances at desirable stands. Bread wagons were encountered every half a block. But in this neighborhood no policeman appeared.

As the automobile was passing through Ninth street from Tompkins Square to the east a patrolman was discovered walking up Avenue B. At Eighth street and Avenue C two patrolmen were in animated conversation until they heard the sound of the approaching automobile. Immediately they sprang to positions of

THE EVENING WORLD'S POLICE PATROL INVESTIGATION.

WEDNESDAY A. M.

PRECINCTS INSPECTED.

EAST SIDE.	WEST SIDE.
East Twenty-second Street.	West Thirty-seventh Street.
East Fifth Street.	West Thirtieth Street.
Union Market.	Charles Street.
Delancey Street.	Mercer Street.
Eldridge Street.	Leonard Street.
Number of men supposed to be on patrol duty in these precincts, about	250
Number of men found on posts—East Side	26
—West Side	26
Number found patrolling properly	26

attention. One jumped across the street and started along his post, while the other marched off like a soldier.

From Avenue C a run was made westward through the neighborhood desolated by the Slocum disaster. Not a policeman was seen until the Bowery was in sight, when one was made out trying doors. This was the first instance in the downtown section of a man doing patrol duty in a cross street.

Back through Fourth street to Avenue D the automobile was run and not a policeman was seen. Down Avenue D to Second street and east on Second street to the Bowery, and still no policeman in evidence. Not a policeman was in sight on the Bowery between Second street and Houston street, nor was one encountered until East Houston and Lewis streets was reached. Here was a man on patrol within a stone's throw of the Union Market station. Eleven blocks were covered through Lewis, Columbia, Houston and Pitt streets, around the north and west sides of Hamilton Park, before another policeman was seen. He was standing at the corner of Stanton and Willett streets.

A TYPICAL BEFORE-DAWN SCENE.

The neighborhood was waking up. Lights were appearing in the windows of the flat-houses. Husbands and sons of women who had dozed all night keeping watch over fruit stands on the corners were arriving to take charge of the stands, polish the fruit and await the time when the women who had watched all night would come back to relieve them while they ate breakfast. Trucks loaded with meat and bread multiplied. It was 2:30 o'clock, and the pulse of the great east side was quickening.

But the policemen were not quickening. One was found sauntering along at Attorney and Stanton streets. Two blocks below, in Attorney street, the automobile passed three men breaking into a bakery with the aid of a board and a couple of stones. Maybe they owned the bakery.

Bufoik and Essex streets were covered between Stanton and Delancey streets, not only by The Evening World automobile but by every sort of refuse from a discarded paper bag to a barrel full of garbage. From Essex and Grand streets the automobile was run eastward to Allen street. There was a policeman standing at a lunch counter at Ludlow and Grand streets consulting his watch.

Allen street, formerly the haunt of the "cadets," was quiet save for the jabbering of push-cart men fighting for corner positions. There were no policemen in sight in this thoroughfare. In Stanton street one policeman was seen at the corner of Forsyth street and another came into view, patrolling his beat at Forsyth and Grand.

The automobile conveyed the observers from Grand street and the Bowery to the Pulitzer Building at 4:30 o'clock. None of Inspector Schmittberger's policemen was on duty on the Bowery between Grand street and Chinatown—that is, none was on street duty. Two of them were talking at the Bowery and Pell street and two more were in conversation in Chatham square at Division street. Another was seen at a lunch counter at Pearl street and Park Row.

Five precincts were covered in the tour—The East Twenty-second street, Fifth street, Union Market, Eldridge street and Delancey street. In all twenty-six policemen were seen on the streets, and of these eleven were doing patrol duty in honest fashion.

The percentage of men doing patrol duty as the book of rules provides proved to be about the same in the district investigated this morning as it is in the town districts gone over since last Saturday, showing that The Evening World investigation is bearing fruit all over the city.

ONE SOLITARY POLICEMAN FOUND IN "HELL'S KITCHEN."

Astonishing Lack of Protection Discovered in This Notorious District, One of the Most Dangerous in Town.

The Evening World's automobile that visited "Hell's Kitchen" and its environments early this morning, looking for policemen, met with poor success. In this wretched neighborhood, which the police themselves admit is a cesspool of crime, but a single policeman could be found.

He was patrolling on Thirty-ninth street, near Tenth avenue. In the streets to the north and south of this dangerous locality four more policemen were discovered. The "Kitchen" was asleep, except for a little domestic row that was in progress as the auto passed. But no policeman was needed for that. In fact, the inhabitants of "Hell's Kitchen" do not care for policemen anyhow. This locality loves to settle its own troubles in its own way.

The Evening World's observation car entered the district from the north. At Forty-second street and Tenth avenue a policeman was seen. He had just got

his pot of coffee from the waiter of a little restaurant on the east side of the avenue below Forty-second street, and was in the act of drinking.

Fortieth street, between Tenth and Eighth avenues, was next passed through. It is lined with wretched hovels where the poorest of New York's poor exist. The street was deserted. A fire breaking out in this locality and not immediately discovered would mean great loss of life.

NONE IN SIGHT ANYWHERE.

There was no policeman at hand to discover such a fire should it break out. The street was poorly lighted and the automobile's occupants did not find another policeman until the car had reached Eighth avenue, turned south and back through Thirty-ninth street. There near Ninth avenue the one patrolman was found patrolling.

Thirty-eighth street, with its long rows of miserable tenements filled to their fullest extent, did not produce a policeman, and neither did Thirty-seventh street whose inhabitants and habitations are as like those of the street above as two pins.

In a tenement on this street near Ninth avenue a man was beating his wife. Her cries were piercing, but there was no policeman near enough to hear them, and the neighbors of Hell's Kitchen never interfere between man and wife.

Further east on Thirty-seventh street at Seventh avenue a policeman was found talking with a drug clerk. He recognized The Evening World's auto and said something about it that caused the drugist to laugh.

Thirty-sixth street was minus policemen, but on Thirty-fifth street just west of Ninth avenue one was seen patrolling toward the west.

Leaving Hell's Kitchen and its bad reputation, the auto passed south on Eighth avenue to Thirty-third street and around the wilderness where one day will stand the big Pennsylvania Railroad depot. This spot is now a place of refuge for desperate characters. A score of men, most of them intoxicated, have been dragged into this enclosure and robbed by colored thugs.

A REFUGE FOR THUGS.

Surely here one should find the police. The auto passed around the big square and not a policeman was in sight.

On Thirty-second street, halfway between Sixth and Seventh avenues, the next policeman was met. This block has from actual count twenty-two disorderly houses on it. But these are not for the ordinary policeman to see. Thirty-first street, which also has its full quota of similar houses, was devoid of police, but on Twenty-ninth street two were found. One was talking with a woman.

The other was loitering. Twenty-seventh street was traversed between Sixth and Eighth avenues with no success, and the observation car passed down the latter thoroughfare to Twenty-fifth street and turned east.

It was shortly before 2 A. M. when the West Twentieth street police station was passed. The doors were open, but even there not a policeman could be seen. The desk was deserted. At Twentieth street and Sixth avenue a policeman was seen patrolling, and at Seventeenth street and Fifth avenue there was another earning his salary. At Fourteenth street and Sixth avenue three were found on different corners. Policemen are more frequent where there is life and light. They do not enjoy the dark. Pickpockets are easier to arrest than burglars, and the operation is less dangerous.

ONLY TWO POLICEMEN SEEN IN DRY-GOODS DISTRICT

Extraordinary Vigilance Necessary There at Night on Account of the Danger from Fire, but Duty Shown to Be Ignored.

Police duty in the great wholesale dry-goods centre is confined almost entirely to watching for fires. The locality is deserted at night. The big warehouses and store make dangerous conflagrations, and more than once Fire Chief Croker has called attention to the lack of police protection there.

An alarm is given late. The firemen arrive to find the building's whole interior a flaming mass—all because the policeman or watchman—generally both—have been asleep and the fire left to burn until the heat itself awakens them.

The Evening World's auto passed through this district early to-day between 3 and 4 A. M. It found just two policemen on duty.

The auto passed down Broadway to Prince, to Greene, to Canal, to Wooster, to Houston, to Thompson, to Canal, to West Broadway, to Lispenard, to Broadway, to White, to West Broadway, to Leonard, to Centre, to Worth, to Hudson and through Thomas streets.

At Canal and West Broadway a policeman was seen and another at Greene and Broome. Both were patrolling.

There may have been others hidden away in doorways, but these two were the only ones seen.

BETTER CONDITIONS IN MERCER STREET PRECINCT

More Patrolmen Attending to Duty, Although Long Stretches of Territory Were Without Protection.

The Mercer street precinct, which has a very promising crime centre in West Third street and its immediate environments, was also visited this morning by The Evening World's observation car.

This neighborhood was given a brief survey Sunday morning, when but three policemen were found on post. This morning there were more located. Three were picked up within three short blocks on Third street between Sixth avenue and West Broadway. All were patrolling, and the street was devoid of its usual quota of colored women and black ruffians. The elevated railroad passes through West Third street and the shadows of its structure make convenient hiding

places from which to pounce on the helpless drunk. He is garroted and robbed before he knows what has happened. Scores of such cases have been reported to the police.

The Evening World's auto passed through Thirteenth, Twelfth and Tenth streets from Broadway to Sixth avenue without spotting a policeman, but at Ninth street and Broadway one was seen patrolling and also on Waverly place another was found. In Washington Square near the arch two policemen were found in conversation. They saw the auto and watched until it disappeared through Macdougal street into West Third.

On Wooster and Greene streets two policemen were also found. Both were patrolling.

ONLY TWELVE MEN TURNED OUT.

The Mercer street Captain turned out only twelve men last night, and it is more than probable that every man was doing his patrol when The World's auto passed through the precinct.

Proceeding west the auto passed into the Charles street precinct and Greenwich village. Down Carmine street into Clarkson and north along Hudson to Morton the car passed before finding a policeman. At the last named corner one was found.

Through Morton to Bedford and into Grove street not a policeman was found. Into Christopher to Bleeker, as far as West Tenth, the auto proceeded when a second policeman was spotted. He was patrolling. Over to Hudson again, and up as far as Perry, then to Greenwich avenue, where a Third man was seen. The streets were absolutely deserted except for the few police. The old-fashioned New York that is found here was deep in slumber.

From Greenwich to West Eleventh street, to West street and up to Horatio, still no police. Through Horatio to Greenwich avenue, where another policeman was found, and thence across Thirteenth street to Broadway completed the trip

GAMBLING STOPPED BY DEATH IN CLUB

"Square Jim" O'Connor Stricken with Heart Failure While Watching Game in Daly's—Players Cash in and Quit.

There is mourning in the Tenderloin and grief in the hearts of the old-time gamblers and sporting men of the city, for "Square Jim" O'Connor has played his last deal. Death called the turn on him at Daly's club house, No. 39 West Twenty-ninth street.

Funeral services will be held at St. Patrick's Cathedral to-day and will be attended by nearly all the gamblers and sporting men in the city.

O'Connor was John Daly's nephew and had been associated with him in business ever since he came to this city from Troy, nearly thirty years ago. He was one of the best known sporting men in the country, and his reputation for squareness and honesty was known throughout the country.

He had been feeling ill for some time and on Saturday took a trip to Brighton Beach and saw the races. On his return to his home, No. 39 Madison avenue, he complained of feeling ill. He remained in bed Sunday and on Monday went as usual to the club-house.

Play was high at night and O'Connor was watching the game. His heart failed him and he fell from his chair. Attendants carried him to an upper chamber and physicians were summoned.

After he had been removed the games were resumed in the club-room and it was supposed he had merely suffered a slight attack, from which he would recover.

It was shortly after midnight that word was sent down that O'Connor had died. All play was stopped for the night. The players cashed in their chips quietly, discussed the death in mournful tones and left the club-house slowly.

O'Connor leaves a widow and a son about nine years old. He is said to have invested a large fortune in real estate and bonds, for although one of the most prominent men in the gambling fraternity in this city he seldom

gambled himself, and was shrewd in investing his gains.

On all sides to-day the sporting men are telling of little incidents in O'Connor's life that gained for him the sobriquet of "Square Jim" O'Connor.

A LETTER TO OUR READERS.

Dear Sir: Jan. 11th, 1904.

Ever since I was in the army I had more or less kidney trouble, and within the past year it became so severe and complicated that I suffered everything and was much alarmed—my strength and power was fast leaving me. I saw an advertisement of Swamp-Root and wrote asking for advice. I began the use of the medicine and noted a decided improvement after taking Swamp-Root only a short time.

I continued its use, and am thankful to say that I am entirely cured and strong. In order to be very sure about this, I had a doctor examine some of my water to-day, and he pronounced it all right and in splendid condition.

I know that your Swamp-Root is purely vegetable and does not contain any harmful drugs. Thanking you for my complete recovery and recommending Swamp-Root to all sufferers, I am,

Very truly yours,

I. C. RICHARDSON.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, sent absolutely free by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root. If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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